

Lexington Minute-man.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JOHN L. PARKER. TERMS, \$1.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Vol. 1.

LEXINGTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

No. 7.

Poetry.

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight
Looked farther than all the rest.
And saw in the hard, rough stone,
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he sat to work with care
And chisel'd a form of grace,
A figure divine and fair
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and last
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiseling brings out all the rest.

Selected.

INSIDE THE DOOR.

Yes! the small brick house on the corner did need something more than the bay window which occupied nearly the whole width of the building; something more than the luxuriant wisteria which wreathed and draped the window; something more than the pretty iron balcony and the exceeding neatness suggested of the interior, to make it the home it seemed to be to foot passengers, who often found themselves lingering as they approached the place, enchanted by the scent of mignonette that flourished in the grass plot, and by the lovely tints of the wisteria, which seemed to diffuse themselves, like a pleasant atmosphere, around the enclosure.

But did the organist of St. James Church, who lived three blocks beyond suspect it? How could she? Hurrying past the house, on her way to music lesson and rehearsal, she often found herself slackening her pace, and taking in the attractive scene, and going onward felt refreshed by what she had perceived and still more perhaps by what had been suggested; for give the woman a single thread of beauty, and in her hand it was equivalent to a clue to all desired delight. The only difficulty with her was, that she never found time to follow its leading far—else, times over, she had discovered heaven upon earth.

The outside of the house suggested to her no end of interior beauty. Sometimes, in passing, she heard a violin, sometimes a piano, sometimes a voice that, as she declared, electrified her—it was so genuinely sweet, rich and so unworn. So that, turning the corner wearied and roused to impatience, the mere sight of that small abode was a refreshment. She hailed it as a pilgrim hails the green spot in the desert—and, alas! not seldom, the mirage also.

Within the little Birds' Nest, as the organist, with more poetical feeling than originality, was wont privately to designate the house (she had some secret sources of comfort, this hard-worked creature, which were not for every ear), within this Birds' Nest, on a sultry June evening, behind the bay window, and the wisteria and honeysuckle, wandering Jew and mignonette, stood a desperate-hearted woman, with as playful and composed a countenance as some of the martyrs, let believe, have shown ere now on their way to the fagot.

This woman is thirty-five, perhaps, but she looked older. Find her up stairs any hour of the long day, when she is alone with her sad thoughts for company, and you shall see a woman who is looking towards the future with distracting fears, but who, in the effort to withstand their drift and pressure, is forestalling all bitterness of disappointed age. She has now bright ribbons in her hair and around her neck, and, by gaslight, she looks almost happy, almost young. At the piano sits her husband. And now the story is nearly all told.

It is Saturday evening, and what is she doing if not endeavoring, by every kindly artifice, to keep at home the half-drunken man who sits on the piano stool! So she has persuaded him to the piano, and he has been singing, and they have talked now for at least an hour about their favorite compositions, and discussed, as critics, this work and another, and in their judgments they have not agreed with each other so constantly as to make the conversation tiresome. But the talk is proving too much of a good thing to the husband: evidently he is wearied of it. He has allowed himself to be persuaded into playing and singing a good deal and into talking, and during the last half-hour he has betrayed in-

creasing restlessness, and begins to speak at last with undisguised impatience. An indifferent listener might almost say, in the blunt speech of indifference, that he was getting cross and quarrelsome, and awfully disagreeable. Is he becoming suspicious of his poor Louisa? Does she design to keep him at home when she knows very well about his Saturday-night engagement to go to the Architects' Club? Poor architect, whose own foundation seems to be tumbling in, he must be faithful to his club, though to everything else unfaithful!

He even begins to suspect the pleasure which he knows his wife takes, and always has taken, in his music. Does he need to be reminded of the many times she has said to him that a single melody from him is worth more to her than the loud and splendid performance of a well directed orchestra—feeding a more subtle need, and sustaining a diviner life? He talks in a way that would make one suspect his intention to attack her soon on the ground of that one delight she has found in him, which has remained unquestionable.

His wife understands these symptoms well enough to know that in thirty minutes, at furthest, he will somehow have passed beyond her reach. Is it not a sad, sad conviction to be pressing on the heart of the woman? You know now why I shook my head as I looked at the pretty bay window and the outside green and perfume. Anybody who knew the old Pharaohs intimately, in the days of their glory, would grieve, I am sure it, coursing over the sands of modern Egypt on a swift Arabian charger, he came across the great Pyramid stripped so bare of its external beauty. To think of the hopes with which that young woman set up housekeeping in that little brick house, and the track by which those hopes were rearing, one by one! What is to be wondered at, and admired, is the way the good girl standing her ground and tries to be agreeable, and to out-rival the gin barrel. 'Tis not her fault that her husband is where he is—without work—drinking hard—at intervals all too brief, rallying again—hating himself, and sliding down to ruin. No believe me, she has not to arraign and convict herself for all this misery. All at once, as he is rising from the piano-stool, a ring at the door bell. Who comes? They have so little company out there it is really a question. Roger hopes it is Dixon. Dixon and he are hale fellows well met, about once a week all night in the club room! They listen; is it Dixon? She fearing, he hoping that it is. But, if Dixon were out there, both would feel it beyond fear or hope, he comes so valiantly when he does come. No it is not Dixon's voice, but a woman's. Husband and wife look at each other. He means to escape while his wife receives her company. She sees his purpose, and knows that he will accomplish it. "Oh Lord!" she says to herself. Will she be thinking sadly, an hour from now, when she sits alone, that but for this untimely call all would have gone smoothly, Pierce, perhaps, safely asleep by this time?

"I beg your pardon for intruding," says a strange voice—and how is Roger to get out of the room? Here is a woman six feet in height, at least who looks as if she might, if she took the fancy to do it, go off carrying husband on one shoulder and wife on the other. "I beg your pardon," she said again. "I beg your pardon here in the greatest distress." Pierce Rogers, hearing himself actually called upon as the champion of weakness begins to look grave, and to feel himself equal to occasion.

"Pray be seated," says the lady of the house; and what can the gentleman of the house do but to sit down with the careful deliberation of a man of nobody is to suspect of inability to rise, or sit, or go where and when he pleases. The stranger, though not a pretty woman—and, in fact, she is quite the reverse—has, nevertheless, made an impression and Pierce is a gentleman, if not perfectly sober.

"I have been waiting outside," she says, taking the seat indicated by his action as well as by his glance. "I have waited ten minutes, I suppose, till I was afraid I might be arrested as a vagrant, and, as I was not rewarded for my patience, I determined to put on a bold face and ring the door bell—I don't know exactly how to go on. May I tell you what I want, as if you were a couple of friends?"

"Do I beg," said Louisa, and her husband politely seconded the entreaty, though not under the devout conviction his wife felt that here was a godsend. If that woman would only say something interesting she might stay and talk for hours in welcome; indeed the longer the story the. Would that she

might even prove to have the gift of Scherzazade!

"I am the organist of St. James Church," the stranger began, "besides a music teacher."

"Indeed!" said Percy, but he stopped there, though it was evident to his wife that he was interested, and she smiled—oh, how interestedly she did smile upon the organist, who, like an angel, had condescended to visit her abode.

"I have had a hard time with church music," continued this angel. "Everybody who knows anything about the church, knows that, so I am not telling tales out of school. The music committee have, finally, put the choir entirely into my hands, and I shall have good music from it sometime. But I have been obliged to take an extraordinary step. I have dismissed the tenor singer this evening, and everything at present looks like chaos—to the choir, not to me."

"The tenor of St. James' Choir is the best in the city," said Percy, almost sobered by his surprise.

"I know that."

"He has sung there ten years to my certain knowledge."

"Yes, and while everybody believe that he was even more necessary to the welfare of the church than the minister who serves, and the gospel which is preached there. All things must have an end, so I dismissed him."

"I heard he had a salary equal to the rector's," said Pierce.

"I don't doubt it. He is like an institution, always ready to be endowed. No end to his receptivity. Well, sir, will you take his place?"

"I, madam?"

It is his brain did not reel at this sudden, most unlooked-for opening, of a way of escape from debt and disaster, his wife's did. But she said, quickly, before he had time to rally from his amazement:

"My husband is surprised that you should consider him capable of filling Mr. Armitage's place, and no wonder. I am, myself. And I think better of his voice than he does."

"Fiddle-stick!" said he. "Armitage does very well, but I know him; his range is limited."

"Exactly," said the organist. "It is. I don't dispute his voice, his execution, and all that, but his impertinence and presumption I will stand no longer. I have said that if we must have congregational singing tomorrow instead of a quartette, congregational singing we will have. But I may hope, sir, that you will come over and help me?"

Pierce Rogers still looked bewildered, and Louisa doubtful. He could not conceal his embarrassment and perplexity. Here was an opportunity, and the painful consciousness that he had not steadiness of nerve and potency of will to make the most of it. To be a first-rate singer in the choir of a first-rate church might not be an ambition worthy of the man who, five or six years ago, was thinking of himself as an architect who, possibly, might some day be considered the peer of Sir Christopher Wren, in the judgment of the world; but then had he not from that height of aspiring hope descended to attain himself to harmony with Tom, Dick and Harry, in dark places underground?

And then how often had Armitage snubbed him in old times when they sang in the same glee club; and in later years by entirely ceasing to recognize him! If—if he could only be so certain of himself as to dare to close with the woman's proposal at once!

"Do come," she urged, perceiving his hesitation. "Come tomorrow! I am sure you will not need a rehearsal even. But here, I have the music with me which we sing to-morrow. I would so like to have a success right away, and show Mr. Armitage the truth for once. Why it would be little short of a miracle! Don't you think I may?"

She addressed Louisa now. Had she comprehended the situation of affairs in that little household?

"Pray, Pierce," said Louisa, "try the music for the fun of the thing. Did you ever hear of anything so odd?" She spoke in an undertone to her husband. She had enough confidence in him then, to wish him to make the trial. If she had looked at him dismayed, or regretful, he would never have made the effort, but now he got up unsteadily and walked to the piano. In that moment the two women exchanged a glance, and so they understood each other.

"It seems ridiculous that I should attempt church music," said Pierce, sitting down at the instrument with an air that brought tears into his wife's eyes.

"No, I do assure," said the delighted organist.

"You remember how easy it used to

be five hundred years ago, and how pleasant it was," said Louisa, her voice full of reminiscence.

"That was very different," he answered. "A small country congregation is not expected to require what a fashionable church must have whether or no. Now, I must say, madame, I wonder at your dismissing Armitage." He leaned against the piano as he spoke, and looked as if prepared to enter into a long argument.

"I don't," she replied with spirit. "Just you help me to prove what I know is a fact, that there are voices, not many perhaps, but one or two, at least, quite equal to his in quality and cultivation."

How well that was said, while she had her back to him, and was drawing off her gloves and arranging her music, and apparently as far from an intent to flatter him into her service as the sun is from such an intent when she makes the wayside flower blush into its best beauty.

Well now—was the battle fought, the victory won, because next day one-half the worshippers in St. James did not know whence came the "superb tenor" who sang instead of Mr. Armitage? Because Pierce Rogers stayed home that Saturday night and became sober, and really seemed to forget his engagement at the club?

Who will doubt it that knows anything of human flesh and blood? Monday night, Louisa might as well have tried to control Niagara as Pierce; and for three days the "superb tenor" was as the dead. Nevertheless he has never, since his first Sunday, lost a service in the church where first-class music is a foremost necessity; and I am certain that, as my friend the organist never did a braver thing than to dismiss Mr. Armitage, so also she never performed an act for which all christians worshipping in St. James' have so great cause to rejoice, as that which led a falling man in among them to exalt the "Lord's song" in what was to him a "strange and" indeed.

It you had not this woman to help you, Louisa, I would cry aloud to Christendom for prayers in your behalf. But I remember that "he prayeth best who loveth best" so, ten to one, you and the organist will give back to the world yet, if not a Sir Christopher Wren, a man who has repaired his own foundations, and gone on with the erection of at least one notable structure.

A very extraordinary and astonishing incident was lately reported to have occurred a few miles from Beypore, the particulars of which are as follows: "A native female of a very attractive appearance, of the carpenter caste, while sweeping the yard of her house, heard a hissing noise behind her. As she turned to see what it was she found to her terror a large cobra advancing towards her. Before she had time to go from the place the serpent darted at her like lightning, and coiled round one of her legs, and on the twinkle of an eye darted higher and higher till it brought its open hood in contact with her face, there moving it to and fro like screen. In this pitiable and frightful position she had to remain for about one or two days without being able to lie or sleep. None but females could approach her to feed her with milk and plantains, when, it is said, the cobra turned its head to one side and gave her ample time to nourish herself. But on any man stepping into compound the cobra would hiss fearfully and tighten its hold round her body in such a manner as to make her feel breathless. Many were the conjurers who came to release her from her frightful condition, but none succeeded in removing the huge serpent from her person, till latterly a Nair was brought from the interior, who, after performing certain charms and spells succeeded in disentangling the poor woman of her venomous lover. The snake quietly crept back into the bush whence it came, and the woman is now doing well. The above wonderful occurrence is now a general talk among the natives of the place. Those snakes always from the first had a penchant for females.—*English Paper.*

A young lady in a suburban town who has received the attention of a young man for some time, on being asked what his business was, replied naively. "Oh, he is a bummer for a dry goods firm in Boston." She meant drummer.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still, so still that you can hear a pin drop."

In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out: "Let her drop!"

TELEGRAPH TRICKS.

Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third class hotels, and being of a somewhat hilarious disposition, find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on their plate with knife, fork or spoon. For the information of those not acquainted with telegraphy, it may be well to state that a combination of sounds or ticks constitute the telegraphic alphabet. And persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligently as with spoken words. The young lightning strikers, as already stated, were in the habit of indulging in table talk by this means when they desired to say anything private to each other.

A few days ago, while these fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stout built young man entered the dining room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previous, and had come to San Francisco from their home in Oakland, or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending their honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows: "What a lovely little pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2—"Perfectly charming—looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married I guess, don't you think so?"

No. 1—"Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she's got. If that country pumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a hug and a kiss just for luck."

No. 2—"Suppose you try it anyhow. Give her a little rudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascal might have gone, but for an amazing and entirely unforeseen event. The bridegroom's face had flushed, and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the tickling conversation; but the operators were too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:

"The lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to wring both of your necks—you insolent whelps!"

The countenances of the operators fell very suddenly when the message commenced. By the time it ended they had lost all appetite and appreciation of jokes, and slipped out of the dining-room in very rapid and unceremonious manner. It seems the bridegroom was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

NOT THE "SUBJECT" DESIRED.—The Louisville Journal gives the following:

The students assembled the other day in a lecture room of the Medical University, for the purpose of listening to the remarks of their professor on some important points in the science of medicine. The lecture commenced, and proceeded, perhaps for half an hour. The young men paid marked attention, and were becoming much interested in the remarks of the speaker, when the door opened, and a tall, brawny looking man entered the room and advanced towards the lecturer. His face was a little flushed and broken out, which indicated that he was sick, perhaps with the measles or something of that kind.

"There is something for us," the class whispered one to another.

"The professor," it was suggested, "will illustrate his remarks by this man."

The stranger advanced to the stand and told the speaker that he felt badly and wanted to be treated. The Professor looked straight into the face of the visitor and exclaimed:

"Why, you have the small-pox!"

Great commotion immediately prevailed among the students. They shrieked, jumped over the benches in a vain effort to retreat, and for a moment or two showed an intense desire to leave the room. Many of them opened the door and escaped in safety, others leaped through the window and ran from the building, and the rest making a virtue of necessity, remained steadfast in the presence of the danger.

The work of vaccination commenced immediately after the fright subsided. Before night all the young doctors that could be found had sore arms. The smallpox patient was attended to and dismissed.

Lexington Minute-man,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY JOHN L. PARKER.
At the Store of L. G. Babcock.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
F. E. WETHERELL, Local Editor.
To whom all communications should be addressed.
Terms \$1.00 a year, in advance. Advertising terms liberal.

LEXINGTON, FEB. 10, 1872.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

READING ENTERTAINMENT.—Well! It was an Entertainment indeed. Our hall was well filled, upon last week Thursday evening to listen to Mr. Wiseman Marshall, and Miss Lucetts Webster. It was an evening well spent. The selections introduced us to some of the best of authors, and although many of the pieces were old friends, yet they were so well rendered that we welcomed them gladly. Mr. Marshall, we like as a reader very well, and our recollections of him upon the stage, are naught but pleasing. Having heard Mr. Dickens read in his inimitable manner, the trial scene from *Pickwick*, Mr. Marshall necessarily suffered somewhat in comparison. His "Sir Peter Teazle" was complete. In the selection from "as you like it" entitled "The Seven ages" he has been surpassed by many readers. His "Soliloquy on death" was good and was his "William Tell." We submit it to the candor of our readers, and to Mr. M. himself, (should he see this) whether the rendering of the selections was not a little too stagey for readings. Miss Webster surpassed anybody we ever heard in reading Poe's "Bells" the continued vibrations that followed the first sound, were admirably produced. The part in which she represented the "alarm bells," was especially well done. We think her weak as "Lady Teazle." In the other selections read very nicely, and the audience dispersed, highly pleased with the entertainment. Thursday evening Feb. 8th the Dramatic Committee presented the Comedy of "Married Life," and the Farce "The Phantom Breakfast."

CORRECTION.—The Social Circle of the Orthodox Society will hold its next meeting at Mr. B. C. Whitte's on Hancock St. instead of Mr. Geo. E. Muzzey's as stated last week.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—It is said that the "third time never fails" so we attended party No. 3 in order to prove the truth of the adage. We are now ready to give it up and ask for an easier one. The party was one the best. The managers of the series are entitled to the thanks of those attending for those three pleasant evening we have enjoyed. Lexington has the reputation of offering to the public, about as fine assemblies as any of the surrounding towns. Nothing has occurred to mar the festivities of the season, and we congratulate all who have been connected with the scenes in any shape upon the success. During the intermission last Wednesday evening Mr. W. E. Russell one of the Managers stated, that, owing to the unlucky (?) fact that there was a surplus of lucre, there would be an extra party on Friday evening, Feb. 23rd. Ye lovers of the dance and Ye admirers of the maestro "Allen" hear and obey.

AURORAL DISPLAY.—We think it well to chronicle, not only what happens upon the earth, but also in the "Heavens above and in the waters beneath." Last Sunday evening the sky presented a beautiful sight. The southern sky was lighted in an extraordinary manner. The waves of crimson, light rolled upward constantly, and through it stars shown magically. Late in the evening the North, becoming jealous evidently, came in for its share in the illumination. Long slender shafts of gold and silver lights shot up to the zenith and presented a striking contrast to the opposite side of the "starry dome." A year or two ago, we remember some thing similar but previous to that we do not recall any such brilliant display of colors as these of latter years. Those of our friends who labored under the impression that it was a fire in a neighboring town, are of course excusable.

FRIDAY EVENING LECTURE.—The members of the Orthodox Society met in their church last Friday evening for their usual lecture. The pastor took for his theme, "The history of the ancient city of Ephesus," and illustrated his lecture, by maps and charts. It will be re-

membered that the church at Ephesus was one of the "seven churches," mentioned in Revelation. The speaker was very entertaining in his relation, having visited the place and made it the subject of study and personal observation. Photographic views of the city, and the surrounding were circulated through the audience these affording a much better understanding and appreciation of the words of the speaker. This formed the subject matter of the Sunday School lesson, thus preparing the minds in advance, all of which is a part of the plan of the Uniform Lesson system.

WINTER.—We had the first snow storm, that bore any resemblance to the old fashion ones of our youth, last Saturday. It came down in real earnest. How it blew and how it whirled, causing the streets to wear a deserted look. We congratulate those of our friends who own a sleigh and horseflesh and shall expect to be invited out for a ride. A hint to the wise is enough.

ACCIDENT.—The Engine, attached to the 6.25 train from Lexington to Boston Saturday evening, at Milk Row Bridge, struck a man, who was walking upon the track and paid no attention to the whistle. The train was stopped and a search for the person was made, and at last he was found upon the front of the Engine nearly covered with snow, one leg was broken and the head bruised to some extent. He was taken to the Hospital in Boston, where he died on Sunday.

ACCIDENT.—A valuable horse boarding at Mr. D. W. Muzzey's stable, was kicked by another horse and his leg broken last Saturday night. It was found necessary to kill the animal.

CHANGES.—Mr. Frank Butters has taken Mr. H. B. Davis' place in Mr. C. A. Butters' store. Mr. J. F. Simonds has left employ of Mr. B. C. Whitte. Mr. W. and Mr. L. A. Saville have entered into partnership.

BASE.—We have been informed by good authority that a Base Ball Nine is being or has been organized in town, that for agility and dexterity will excel anything that has entered the arena (arena, is a good word) heretofore. Their mattness is unquestioned, in short they are a Turner band to almost anything. Boston nine and Athletics, beware.

SHALL ARLINGTON TAKE WATER FROM VINE BROOK?—No! We hope that will be the response from every voter in the town. We have below us a copy of a Warrant for a Special Town Meeting, to holden Wednesday the 14th inst.

Art. 2 reads as follows: "To see what action the town will take in relation to the Petition of the Selectmen of Arlington, now before the Legislature, praying for authority to take Water from Vine Brook in Lexington."

This Petition is directly adverse to the interest of the inhabitants of Lexington. We have just one stream of Water in Town, and the Selectmen of Arlington modestly (?) ask for that. This stream is of great advantage to many farmers, affording facilities for the watering of stock. It feeds Grangers Pond, and thence to Reed's Pond, where is situated the nearest Saw and Grist mill. These interests will be materially affected if this Petition is granted. Then again, Vine Brook is the only means of drainage we have or can have. The matter has already been agitated, of building a Sewer through the Main street, and its outlet was to be Vine Brook. With this Petition granted, that will be prevented and we shall have no chance to accomplish this much needed improvement. We hope every man will be present at the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 14 and place himself on record, as opposed to this measure, which if allowed will result in naught but detriment to the Town. It is a matter calling to every man, who has the good of the town at heart. Let us have a full meeting, and let there be no mistaking it's voice: Feb. 14th at 7 o'clock P. M.

NOTICE.—The Lecture on "The Atonement," by Rev. Henry Westcott, will be given to-morrow evening, Feb. 11th, it having been postponed from last Sabbath evening, on account of the storm.

AUCTION.—We call our readers' attention to the sale of Mr. W. Cashman's Estate, Household Furniture and Garden Tools next Friday Feb 16th. Friend Lane handles the hammer.

THE LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN.

What comes to us each week to please,
And what with eagerness we seize,
The Minute-man.

What tells the news the whole week through,
Of joy, perhaps of sorrow too,
The Minute-man.

What tells us where to go and buy,
Who's got the best, and where to try,
The Minute-man.

What gives us jokes, and also fun,
Instruction too, before we have done,
The Minute-man.

What furnishes a little treat,
And gives a story, nice and neat,
The Minute-man.

Then we will wish it e'er may thrive,
And prosper too as years arrive,
The Minute-man.

The Truth and Right, may it sustain,
And honor well its ancient name,
The Minute-man.

VALENTINES.—St Valentine's Day is approaching, and the people are all wanting to know where they can get the best. We refer them to Friend Babcock at the Post Office. Follow Sam Weller's example and don't let the 14th, inst go by without improving the opportunity.

Richards' Historical Catechism.

No. 20.

What are the dimensions of the State House? It is one hundred and ten feet from the summit of the dome.

The statues of what distinguished men stand upon the grounds in front? Daniel Webster and Horace Mann.

The statues of what distinguished men are to be seen inside the building? George Washington and John A. Andrew.

What is to be seen there besides, which deeply interests strangers who may visit the City? The Flags of the Massachusetts Regiments which were returned at the close of the war of the revolution, many of them stained by the blood of our soldiers and riddled by the bullets of the rebels.

What may be seen from the dome of the Capitol? An extensive tract of country all around the City, and the shipping for a long way down Boston harbor. Strangers are particularly delighted with these views.

What other place remarkable for its antiquity should strangers visit while in Boston? GEORGE H. RICHARDS' "CLOTHING HOUSE," in the oldest building in the City where the Proprietor is surprising the people by his low prices for goods in his line.

AT 24 AND 25 DICK SQUARE.

THE CHRONICLES OF MENOTOMY.

BY RUMFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

Consultation continued.—Report of the members.—Mr. Livingston's story.

Regular as the appointed day came around so with the regularity of the clock, the hour of seven beheld the Old Cocked Hats, all in their accustomed places at the round table—their usual customs of the amenities of social life having passed, the kindly good wishes and enquiries, of one to the other of each and all were never forgotten, or omitted by these old heroes, of the times. Would that this genial old custom was more observed, in these latter days, society would be better for them. Even then those old Christian customs made a sensible impression upon many of these boys; and the writer of these chronicles, here learned a lesson that in after life he never forgot. That a kind word cost nothing; and a good wish uttered from a full heart was not unfrequently "a morsel of bread cast upon the troubled waters" of life, or like a plant of rice by the side of the Nile, the seed that should die in the present, but live a thousand fold in the hereafter. Uncle Joshua, was the name of one of the men assembled around the table this evening and with great promptness called the meeting to order. The usual business being over, (the refreshments partaken of) i. e. the corn, the oil and the wine, in moderation by these old heroes; the business of the last evening was resumed at the stage in which it was left at the breaking up of the sitting. It will be seen that all the "boys" were there, for to them these meetings had all the romance of a book of stories. They were a book of unwritten stories; the actors in which some great drama's are now read by their descendants then unborn. The question was passed by No. 1, the presiding officer in this form, "Are we all here of the same mind as when we last parted; if so all will arise—all are—good, exclaimed the president, we will proceed to business. Have you, continued the first speaker, learned anything farther of the Owl, who was the subject of the discussion at our last meeting, or is there any information of important movements near the shore? or any news from across the water?"

The gentleman named Livingston at this call arose and stated he had a few facts to communicate, which might be deemed important, as they showed the estimation in which the Owls of early times before the Revolution were held. The president remarked that Mr. Livingston would proceed.

I would speak of one who was a prominent actor in the colonial history, of the times before the war, and as he was the ancestor of one now under suspicion, it may be well to learn of his antecedents. Capt. John Cochran was the son of James Cochran of Londonderry, and he was for certain acts of his proscribed, and banished. He was a sea-faring man during his younger days, and has descendants now living in this country who are as true to American loyalty as were their ancestors to English loyalty. Not long before the war of the Revolution broke out, he was appointed to the command of the Fort in Portsmouth harbor.

The day after the battle at Lexington, he and his family were made prisoners of war by a company of volunteers under the command of John Sullivan, who in after years became so celebrated as Maj. Gen. Sullivan of the Revolution, and President of New Hampshire.

Capt. Cochran and his family were generously liberated on parole of honor. Gov. Winthrop about this time took refuge in this fort, and Capt. Cochran attended him to Boston. In his absence all present in the fort, were Mrs. Cochran, a man, and a maid servant, and four children. At this time all vessels passing out of the harbor had to show their pass at this fort.

An English "man-of-war" came down the river bound out. Mrs. Cochran directed the man to hail the ship. No respect was paid to him, Mrs. Cochran, then directed him to discharge one of the cannons. The terrified man said, "Ma'am I have but one eye, and can't see the touch-hole." Taking the match the heroic lady applied it herself; the frigate hove-to showing that all was right, and was permitted to pass.

It was still believed by some that Gov. Wentworth was in fort, and was secreted after he had left for Boston. A party of men one day entered the house accompanied by Capt. Dimmock, and asked permission of Mrs. Cochran to search her room for the Governor. After looking up stairs without success they asked for a light to examine the cellar. "O yes" said the little daughter of Mrs. Cochran "I will light you." She held the candle for them until they were in a part of the cellar from which she well knew they could not retreat without striking their heads against the low beams, when the roguish girl blew the light out. As she anticipated they began to bruise themselves, and they swore pretty soundly. The miss, from the stairs in an elevated tone cried out "have you got him?" This arch inquiry only served to divide their curses between the impediments to their progress and the "Little Tory."

An old gentleman clothed in a sort of Quaker garb, a compromise between a real "Quaker cut," and a Revolutionary garb, at this moment arose and remarked, "I was at Boston at the store, a few days since and you know we always do get some little news at Oliver's Dock."

Mr. Livingston, at this point arose and with that real gentility of address belonging to gentlemen of the old school, the ancient regime introduced his friend Col. Morris from Tarrytown, and requested, as they were strangers in this vicinity, to know the locations of the places spoken of.

"Uncle Ben," remarked the President will give you a full explanation. That I will, replied the before named old gentleman, I know all the crooks and turns around Oliver's, as well as I do the crooks in Sucker brook; you must know that not very long ago; near to Kelly street, was the dock, called "Oliver's Dock," when I was a boy the waters of the bay ran up to this street, as far as the old fish shop, owned by one of the oldest inhabitants of the town of Boston, now dead; Mr. Solomon Hewes, he and myself were "old cronies" together, and often met. Hewes store stood over the water, and was parallel with the street. Nearly opposite this store, stood the famous stamp office occupied at this time by Lieut. Gov. Oliver. The stamp office aforesaid was tumbled into the

water one night by a "patriotic mob" as they were then called, and with it was also tumbled or overthrown, that base attempt at taxation which finally led to the American Revolution. Those were the days, continued the old man with much enthusiasm, to try the true metal of the man. This building was sold by Hewes to one J. Welch, for a grocery, and as such was used for many years.

All our boys knew of this store, said uncle Ben, and all our ancestors have seen many strange apparitions, and heard many strange stories in their truth, stronger than fiction, connected with this place.

Mr. Livingston remarked as it was fast winging towards the hour of adjournment, he would suggest that on the next evening of our meeting, we should listen to the story of "Uncle Ben"—and the conclave closed.

* This last question referring to across the water, must have any one heard anything in relation to any movements from England or act of aggression done by Royalists.

† Many persons were ordered to leave at short notice, for their country's good, or in the phrase of the day proscribed.

‡ Mrs. Cochran was true to the interests of her country, as were all her children, from whom spring many of this name in Mass., and New Hampshire.

§ You will doubtless recollect, or call to mind the old gentleman to whom I refer, he lived, for considerable time in a large old four story, castle like house, built of brick not far from the bridge which separates the Arlington of to-day from Medford. The house was situated on the left hand side of the road leading to the bridge.

¶ Many and curious old memories, and histories are connected with this old building of which we may hereafter have occasion to speak.

¶ This old store has years since given place to the march of improvement and is known only in history.

Vine Brook.

MR. EDITOR.—I see by a warrant issued by the Selectmen that a special Town meeting is called of the legal voters, to take action in opposition to a petition to the legislature by the Town of Arlington for leave to turn a portion of Vine Brook (so called) into and through the great meadows in East Lexington, for the purpose of supplying the town of Arlington with water. The town of Arlington have the right, by legislative action, to take the great meadows and flow the same; but in order to always keep their principal reservoir of great meadows full at all times and seasons of the year, they deem it necessary for that object to take a portion of the waters of Vine Brook, as applied for in their bill now pending before the Legislature. Now I cannot see the slightest reason for any opposition to granting the town of Arlington the privilege asked for, but can see many and very good reasons why every good citizen of Lexington who wishes the prosperity of the town, should vote in favor of granting the petition of the town of Arlington. In the first place it is much more pleasant to look upon a lake of sparkling water than upon a low, boggy, muddy marsh. In the second place it tends much more to the sanitary condition of the inhabitants, in preventing fevers caused by the malaria arising from this low and unhealthy territory. Our neighboring cities are fast filling up, and the inhabitants are or shortly will be compelled to seek places in the suburban towns to reside, and where I ask in the whole range of towns, within ten miles of Boston, can be found a more pleasant place to reside than Lexington, especially if our neighboring towns are willing to improve and beautify our town and assist us in placing ourselves on a footing with other towns, not so favorably situated as we are. I have no doubt that the taxable property around the lake would double in three years, and with the dwellings and other improvements that would follow, would still further materially increase all the taxable property, in a very short time. Now all Arlington ask of the legislature is—not one cent out of, but many dollars into the treasury of Lexington.

Now, what are the objections a few men in Lexington have, and the grievances they complain of in this matter? There is only one I have heard of as yet, at that, it seems to me, cannot have the weight of a feather in the mind of a person of ordinary understanding in such matters, and that is the question of sewerage. Now let us look at this point for a moment. All the territory in Lexington west and north of the Flag staff, in the centre of the town, near the monument, must be drained to the north and west

into Tophet Swamp, which empties its waters into the Shawshen River. Then south of the Flag staff, for about one hundred rods, might be drained into Vine Brook. Now I ask: What will you do with the rest of the town laying south of Vine Brook, about two miles in length, including the East Village, and laying thirty feet below Vine Brook. How will you drain this most populous part of the town? Will you carry it up thirty feet to Vine Brook, or will you carry your sewer on a down grade to the town line of Arlington, and deliver it into the stream below the Arlington reservoir, thereby accommodate the whole town, instead of a few individuals, at the town's expense. I ask you, citizens, voters and tax payers in particular, to look at this matter in its true light, and act accordingly.

LEGAL VOTER.
Lexington, Feb. 8, 1872.

Bedford.
Our Post Master, Selectman, Tax Collector, Sunday School Supt. &c., &c., (M. B. Webber, Esq.) who has for some weeks been laboring under a severe illness, is recovering, and will probably resume his former position soon, for which we are thankful.

BENEVOLENCE.—Chas. Spaulding and wife, who in their declining years have become almost blind, so that they can do nothing in the way of earning for themselves, have been surprised of late by the presentation of a purse of money, over a hundred dollars, from their many friends here. We know that Bedford is in the rear in many points, but in assisting each other we feel that we are not; for this is but one of the many like deeds. The Chicago fire was remembered bountifully here, although the press did not find it out.

TEMPERANCE.—Parker Lodge of G. T. is to have a public meeting on Friday evening, and a lecture by a member of the Grand Lodge of the State; will give you more information on this next week.

We have received from Hon. Charles Sumner, the speech of Hon. Thomas W. Tipton, of Nebraska, on retrenchment.

Married

In Billerica, by Rev. C. Fletcher, George Litchfield, of Arlington, and Clara Nickles, of Carleton. In Fryeburg, Maine, Jan. 31, by Rev. David B. Sewall, Miss C. Frances Walker of Fryeburg and Henry M. Ames of Wilmington, Mass. In Lexington, Feb. 4th, Mr. Edmund Harley of Mansfield, and Miss Margaret Kelleher of Lexington.

LEXINGTON POST OFFICE.
Mail arrives at 7.50 A. M., and 4.50 P. M.
Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

ARLINGTON POST OFFICE.
Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.
Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.

S. W. HALEY,
Carriage Manufacturer,
AND
Horse Shoer,
Arlington Avenue, Bedford St.,
ARLINGTON.

Custom Work and Repairing neatly and promptly executed. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

GO TO
Dodge's Jewelry Store
174 Main Street, Woburn,
FOR
Silver Plated Dining and Tea KNIVES,
Rubber Handle Knives,
Ivory Handle Knives,
Solid Silver and Plated Ware.
Large assortment always on hand.
Will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES.
My goods are all bought for cash, and will give my customers the benefit.

ALONZO GODDARD,
DEALER IN
Stoves of all Kinds,
including the Magic Portable Range.
Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Dye's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,
Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Woodware.
Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.
MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON
And near Main Street, the Centre Depot.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unqualified.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, under other names, but resembling ours in shape and color of wrapper intended to deceive.
THE RISING SUN POLISH IS BULK, for stove dealers' use, at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. "Cheaper than any other Bulk Polish for nothing."
THE RISING SUN LUMBER PENCIL—No Sharpening. Cheap and Durable—superior to other articles for purposes. THE RISING SUN BLACK LEAD LUBRICATOR. For stoves, bearings and machinery. Lasts six times as long as oil alone. 20 lb. and 50 lb. boxes, 15 cents per lb. Try it.
MORSE CROG., Prop'rs., Canton, Mass.

\$5000

Saved yearly to those who buy their

**Watches, Clocks,
Sewing Machines,**

Jewelry and Silver Ware,

AT

**DODGE'S
JEWELRY STORE,**

174

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best assortment in Middlesex County.

No trouble to show Goods.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

Repaired at short notice.

W. A. LANE & CO.
Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents,
RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.
Offices at C. A. Carey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitehead's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

At F. B. DODGE'S,
174 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

You can have your choice of any
Sewing Machine
FOR \$60.

Five Dollars down,
Five Dollars per Month.
Will make large discount for CASH.

All extra go with every machine.
Also Agent for Woburn and vicinity for the

For SEWING MACHINES
Health-Preserving and Labor-Saving!
By using this TREADLE, all injurious effects now produced by running machines, will be entirely avoided. With less than half the labor, much more work can be done with this than with the old Crank Treadle now in use on all machines. For instance, with one movement of one foot, with this Treadle, you can make from thirty to one hundred stitches on an ordinary Family Machine. The Machine always starts and runs the right way, and can be stopped instantly. Can be applied to all machines. Warranted to give satisfaction. For further particulars call and see it in operation, or send for Descriptive Circular.

MATTHEW ROWE,
Dealer in
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,
ARLINGTON AVENUE,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Lexington Advertisements.

For Valentines

GO TO

L. G. Babcock's, at Post Office

LYMAN LAWRENCE,
Harness Maker

AND

CARRIAGE TRIMMER,
Main Street, Rear Post Office Block,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curryscombs, Surching, Chamois Skins, &c., constantly on hand.
Repairing promptly and neatly executed. Collars especially.

**BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S
EXPRESS.**

Lexington & Arlington Branch.

Forwards goods and all express matter to and from BOSTON, ARLINGTON, LEXINGTON, BEDFORD, CONCORD, and CARLISLE.

OFFICE, 33 COURT SQUARE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Lexington Advertisements.

PEARSON & TOBEY,
APOTHECARIES,
ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. BEDFORD ST.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.
Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 6 P. M.
Sole Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balm.

JOHN FORD,
TAILOR,
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gent's Garments Cut, Made and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY
(Successor to Thomas Randall.)
DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK; also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

W. F. WELLINGTON,
Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,
Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.
Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

Joseph W. Ronco,
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER
AND HORSE SHOER,
Arlington Avenue,
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,
ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

PASTE that will not stick, but you will stick to it; Livia Florentine Tooth Paste, sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, and is really a fine thing.

TO THE CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON!



A branch store has been recently opened, opposite the Depot, where will be found the usual variety kept in a Fancy Bread Store.
Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread, and the best of FANCY CAKE, with all kinds of Fancy Crackers. Orders received for Cake, Ice Cream Fruit, &c., for public and private parties.

Arlington Advertisements.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.
CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,
AND
HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surching, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes,
all
Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

ADMIRABLE Hair Dressing, is the latest and most fashionable. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.

TWO TRIPS DAILY.
Leaves Arlington 8 and 11 o'clock A. M.
Leaves No. Cambridge 8.30 and 11.30 A. M.
Leaves Boston 11.30 A. M. and 3 P. M.

OFFICES:
In Boston, 34 and 35 Court Square, and 45 No. Market Street.
In Arlington, at the Centre Depot, and at house on Arlington Avenue.
In No. Cambridge, at Henderson's Block.

Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.
Thankful for past favors, the patronage of the citizens of Arlington and No. Cambridge is respectfully solicited.

O. G. Robinson,
FISH & OYSTER MARKET,
Corner of Main and Water Sts.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.

SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH of all kinds. Fresh supplies constantly on hand.

M. A. Richardson & Co.,
DEALERS IN
PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.,
Arlington Ave. at R. R. Crossing,
Arlington, Mass.

AGENTS FOR THE
ARLINGTON ADVOCATE!
And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements. Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to.

D. DODGE,
APOTHECARY
Besides his large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., keeps constantly on hand
FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY;
Tooth and Hair Brushes, Gents' Collars in large variety.

PURE SPICES, Soda and Cream of Tartar, and the various grades of the Oriental Teas and Coffees at the Co's very low Warehouse prices.

WILLIAM O. MENCHIN,
WHEELWRIGHT.
ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.
Carriages Made and Repaired.

HENRY LOCKE,
DEALER IN
PROVISIONS,
Vegetables, Fruits, &c.
Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

U SHOULD read the **UNION SPY**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

Lexington Advertisements.

L. G. Babcock,
DRUGGIST

AND

Apothecary,

(At the Post Office.)

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines,

TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

Fancy Goods!

Also all the standard reliable

Patent Medicines,

Stationery, Confectionery, Choice Cigars, and Tobacco, Pipes, Smokers' Articles, Toys, &c.

N. B.—Particular attention given to compound ing Medicines.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Dealer in

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

SPECTACLES

of the best quality, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Repairing done in a proper manner.

Goods not in stock supplied to order, and all goods warranted as represented.

TOWN HALL BUILDING, - - LEXINGTON.

Terms positively cash.

E. P. RICH,
DEALER IN

Men's, Boys' and Youth's,
Women's, Misses' and Children's

Boots and Shoes

Crockery, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Umbrellas, &c.

Opp. Central Depot, Main Street, Lexington, Mass.

Goods received for Barrett's Dye House. Agn. for the Celebrated BURDETT ORGAN.

A. F. SPAULDING,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS and SHOES,

HANCOCK STREET,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Toilet Shippers made to measure.

Come Early, Come Often,
TO

Dodge's Jewelry Store,
174 Main Street, Woburn,

Will offer bargains for the year 1872. Goods at Lower Prices than ever before.

The best assortment of

Scotch Pebble Spectacles

AND

EYE GLASSES
N MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

PLANNING A CAREER.

I judge that most human beings float or drift through life. They "aim at nothing and hit it." They may have desires, or hopes, or impulses at one time or another, but no definite, coherent, symmetrical plan formed in early youth, matured with growing knowledge and ripened judgment, and tenaciously adhered to, through favoring or seemingly adverse fortune, to the end.

Vague aspiration is common enough. Nearly every youth desires and hopes in time to win fame or fortune—often both. Nearly every one would be a Girard or Astor in wealth a Webster in intellectual might, if wishing would make him so. But the would be Astor, has other desires as well as that which wealth will gratify; he covets ease, luxury, and diverse sensual gratifications; as well as riches; and Nature says to him decisively: "You may achieve something but not everything; choose!" He does not choose; but aspiring to everything, attains nothing. He falls a victim to his own anarchy of purpose, just as the fowler who fires a bullet at a flock, but at no particular bird, will generally hit no one.

The cruellest mistake of Youth is neglect to acquire skill and dexterity in some useful calling. Many fancy themselves too rich (prospectively) to need proficiency in some handicraft: they expect to live on what others have earned before them, not what they shall earn themselves. But Nature sternly vetoes the miscalculation—sends tornadoes, earthquakes, Chicago fires, to baffle it. Were I an Astor or a Vanderbilt, I would have my every child taught a trade though ever so confident that he never would need it. If only to arm him for the remote contingency of being cast on some idle previously unpeopled, I would fortify him against disaster, by imbuing his hands with skill, and his brain with resources and provisions for defying want.

Carlisle says the saddest sight on earth is a man able and willing to do useful work yet needing and vainly seeking employment. I realize that this is sad; but sadder far to my apprehension is the too familiar spectacle of men and women seeking work in vain, not because there is no work to be done, but because they know not how to do it. For the skillful artisan or tiller of the earth, who has no work to-day, may find it to-morrow; at all events, he is ready to do it when acquired, and does not feel that he is essentially a pauper. But for that vast forlorn multitude, who tell us they are "willing to do anything" but who really know how to do nothing that others or themselves really stand in need of, what hope can exist? What alternation of seasons, what improvement in the money market, what melioration of the times can relieve their sore distress? Especially if they will crowd into cities, where living is so dear and competition for employment so superabundant, what can be done for them?

I hold induction into some calling which is essential to the satisfaction of our imperative wants, the first need of every human being. Let the youth be a poet or painter if he will; let his sister become proficient in music or geometry, if her tastes so dictate; but let her first be taught how to cook, or sew, or keep a house in order, and let him be taught to grow corn, or build habitations, or make shoes. Not because manual labor is more useful or more honorable than other, but because it can never be dispensed with or go out of fashion—because siege or famine, cholera or conflagration, can never supersede or supplant it, so I insist that every child should be trained to efficiency in some inevitable trade or handicraft, as the most indispensable part of a true education. Add as much intellectual or literary culture as you will, but first in importance, but not necessarily in time, be sure to arm and train your child for that conflict with physical want which is the only unfailing heritage of all the children of Adam.

Now encourage and aid him to choose wisely his pursuit, which need not be that which is to stand between him and starvation, in case of failure in the vocation of his choice. Ask him to choose, with due respect for his own tastes and aspirations, but not in entire difference to the needs of the community, the dictates of the general weal.

I have, more than once, offended a stranger who inquired of me, "Would you advise me to study law?" by responding, Yankee-like, with the question, "Do you think the country is in need of more lawyers?" I surely had not intended any sarcastic or other reflection on the inquirer's meditated calling; I had purposed only to draw his attention to a point which he seemed to have overlooked. Why should any deem this inquiry irrelevant? I am sure that clergymen are a useful and necessary class; yet there are countries wherein they are far too numerous for their own or the general good. Then why not consider, in contemplating the study of law, whether there be or be not a present public need of more lawyers?

Perhaps the silliest thing a young man can say is "I have resolved never to marry." Even though the resolve were ever so proper, it is one with which others have no probable or obvious concern, and your proclaiming it is a virtual intimation that you are so attracted to the other sex that you are obliged to warn them off from a hopeless quest—a

starward aspiration—whereby their peace of mind is likely to suffer shipwreck.

I deem it of the first moment to a true plan of life to give to the acquisition of worldly gear its just position, as an important incident, not the chief object of a man's career. He who has reached his thirtieth, fortieth, fiftieth year, yet is still poor and needy, may possibly have been kept poor by unusual burdens or successive misfortunes; but, in the absence of these, the natural presumption is strong that he has been idle, or luxurious or dissipated, and missed or neglected his opportunities. He had no moral right to become a husband and father without earnestly striving to make that reasonable and just provision for the legitimate wants of his household, in the absence of which, the great Apostle would regard him as "worse than an infidel."

A comfortable home that does not belong to any other (husband, wife and children excepted); a vicinage which, however rude and repulsive at first, shall at length become agreeable and attractive; the approbation of the good and the dislike or dread of the irreclaimably profligate and depraved—so much, at least, should be included in the plan of life of every thoughtful youth. There be those whose hatred honors its object; there be some whose defamation is praise. He who aspires to please every one, will be sure to deserve the hearty approbation of none. Let him rather resolve and strive so to fear himself that his friends and his enemies alike shall be such that, whoever is acquainted with both, shall know that his heart is pure and his life noble, and he cannot fail to die conscious and thankful that he has not lived in vain.—*Household Journal.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Some people wonder why it is they possess no friends. They live in fine houses, dress in costly garments, appear in royal turnouts, and scatter their money with a prodigal hand, but somehow the neighbors shun them, and people of less means are received and passed along in society from which they are excluded. Their fault lies wholly with themselves. Ten to one if everything they do is not actuated by selfish motives, which are so apparent as to repel everybody but parasites and leeches. It is in the power of all to make and keep friends, if we hold selfishness off of arm's length and cultivate kindness of heart and courtesy of manner. "Gentleness," says Samuel Smiles, "is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to nature; it is far more powerful than loudness of voice, and far more fruitful. Little courtesies, which form the small change of life, may separately appear of no intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance from repetition and accumulation. Affability and good breeding may even be regarded as essential to the success of man in any eminent station and enlarged sphere in life; for the want of them has not unfrequently been found, in a great measure, to neutralize the results of much industry, integrity and honesty of character." We have but to act on the suggestion here thrown out, in order to surround ourselves with friends.

WHAT A MISERABLE REPROBATE FISK WAS.—What a miserable reprobate the preachers all make Fisk out to be! And they are right. Why, the scoundrel actually stopped his coupe one cold, dreary night on Seventh avenue, and got out, inquired where she lived, and gave a poor beggar woman a dollar. He seemed to have no shame about him, for the next day, the debauched wretch sent her a barrel of flour and a load of coal. One day the black-hearted scoundrel sent \$10 and a bag of flour to a widow woman with three starving children, and not content with this, the remorseless wretch told the Police Captain to look after all the poor widows and orphans in his ward and send them to him when they deserved charity.

And what a shameless performance it was to give that poor negro preacher \$20 and send him on to Howard University! And how the black-hearted villain practiced his meanness on the poor penniless old woman who wanted to go to Boston, by paying her passage and actually escorting her to a free stateroom, while the old woman's tears of gratitude were streaming down her cheeks.

Oh, insatiable monster! thus to give money to penniless negro preachers and starving women and children.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone and attend to your own. Don't buy that you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Look over your books regularly. If a stroke of misfortune comes upon your business, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance and you will be honored, but shrink and you will be despised. Seek to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you cannot expect success. If you do this, you will be able to perceive the difference which it creates between you and those who have not such habits.

You will not count yourself nor will they count you as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emerging into the higher regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves; instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place.

It is said that the three hardest words in the English language, to pronounce, consecutively, are—"I am mistaken."

TWENTY YEARS OF PROHIBITION.—Horace Greeley contributes an article to the *Independent*, in which he reviews, somewhat, the operations of the Maine law. We give some of his points as follows:

What, then, has been the general effect of twenty years of prohibition? What has Maine gained or lost thereby?

1. The use of intoxicating beverages has not entirely ceased. The liquor traffic is still prosecuted in nearly all the cities and most of the considerable villages of Maine. Those who love liquor still obtain it, if able and willing to give time and money to procure it. Perhaps no person in that state has long thirsted because liquor was not to be had on any terms. Prohibition has not exterminated the liquor traffic.

2. It has, however, greatly restricted it. Liquor is sold openly in only a few places, and it is not sold at all one-fourth so many as when the traffic was legal and unobstructed. Just as gambling flourishes and lottery tickets are sold in this city, though our laws forbid, so strong drink is still retailed in Portland and the other cities of Maine, as it is clandestinely, in some of the townships. Even prohibition has not yet ushered in the millennium.

3. But it has done more than to reduce the number of grog-shops. As with gambling in our state, liquor, since it has been outlawed in Maine, has lost caste, "roasts lower" than it did. Drunkenness is less common and more shameful than it generally was. Thousands are growing up uninitiated and untainted by strong drink. When I came to New York, in August, 1831, lottery placards clothed wall and filled newspapers far more than theatricals did. Now they rarely seen. Liquor in Maine is averted and dispensed furtively, if at all, as lottery tickets are here. And as not one ticket is sold here now where ten would be if lotteries were still tolerated by law, so it is with the liquor in Maine. It may be safely assumed that through-out more than half the area of that state, liquor is purchasable only with difficulty, and by traveling a considerable distance. Thus thousands of the youth of Maine are reared in blissful ignorance of strong drink.

4. Prohibition operates as a public testimony to the peril and wrong of tipping. Whoever is incited or tempted to drink has the testimony and the veto of the state staring him in the face. Like the rattlesnake's warning, the law says to him, Beware! All will not heed this warning, others will; and no one can fairly plead, "I learned to love liquor before I was ever told or even suspected that I ought not to drink it."

THE PAPER TRADE.—The various Mercantile agencies are obliged to employ men in the large cities to look and report the business changes. It is customary to divide this labor, one man being authority on the shoe trade, while another knows all about dry goods.

One genius named June, represents Broadstreet's Agency in New York, and was lately set to find if anything was the matter with a certain Beekman street firm, paper dealers. As is usual in such cases, he sought out an established house in the same line to commence inquiries, and as it chanced, found only the senior partner in the office, and old man of nearly four-score years, who seemed to know all about the firm in question, and began telling of their circumstances in the year 1812, all June could do to bring back to the present time proving entirely ineffectual. Finally the old man seemed electrified with a idea, "My partner," said he "has known them longer than I have" and tottering towards a basement door, he called in a cracked voice, "A-d-am! A-d-am!" "Hold on," cried the horrified enquirer, "1812 is as far back as I want to go—don't, for God's sake call up Adam."—*Roswell's Reporter.*

HOW TO SEE UNDER WATER.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:

The Indians of North America do this by cutting a hole through the ice, and then covering or hanging a blanket in such a manner as to darken or exclude the direct rays of the sun, when they are enabled to see into the water, and discover fish at any reasonable depth. Let any one who is anxious to prove this, place himself under the blanket, and he will be astonished when he beholds with what a brilliancy everything in the fluid world is lighted up. I once had occasion to examine the bottom of a mill-pond, for which I constructed a float out of inch plank sufficient to buoy me up; through the centre of this float I cut a hole, and placed a blanket over it, when I was enabled to clearly discover objects on the bottom, and several lost tools discovered and picked up. I am satisfied that, where water is sufficiently clear, this latter plan could be successfully used for searching for lost bodies and articles. I would now suggest that this experiment be tried on the sea; for I am satisfied that a craft like the Great Eastern, where an observatory could be placed at the bottom, with sufficient darkness, by the aid of glasses we could gaze down into the depths of the sea, the same as we can survey the starry heavens at midnight.

At a crowded lecture the other evening a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with "indeed, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

—The "ruling passion strong in death" was remarkably illustrated in the case of a certain Mr. Higgins, who was a most punctual man through all his life. At the advanced age of ninety we was calmly resting on his bed, waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering into its sockets, when one of his sons remarked:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your beakers?"

"To be sure my son," said the dying old man. "It is well thought of and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and then sank back exhausted on his pillow.

A gloom of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read this. Is the name of Wiggins there?"

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off," he said, emphatically "for he never was punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might delay the procession a whole hour."

AN ECHO.—The following anecdote is related of Major Little, the well known Concord, (N. H.) melodeonist: One warm evening, in the spring of the year, the Major was giving a concert in one of the thriving manufacturing villages in Eastern Massachusetts; a large and appreciative audience had assembled, and he was doing his best to entertain them. Several pieces had been performed, and matters were progressing finely, when at last he gave an imitation of the echo of an Alpine horn among the hills, the sound dying away gradually in the distance. The hall was still, every one present was listening, the fall of a pin might have been heard as the echo grew fainter and fainter in the distance; just then a bull-frog of the largest size, which had been sitting quietly on the edge of the mill-pond directly under the open windows of the hall, apparently waiting his time, broke in with a tremendous Kud-ar-rhunk, car-r-rhunk. The effect can be imagined.

GENTLENESS.—Gentleness is love in society; it is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain, which from many a beloved form wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow, on which sickness lays its head, and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is a warmth of affection. It is love in all its delicacy. It is everything included in that matchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.

HANDSOME RISE IN REAL ESTATE.

One of Boston's wealthy men was approached the other day by a real estate operator who wanted to buy three acres of marsh land owned by him out in the direction of Brookline. He replied that he had forgotten he owned any land in that section, but he look over his papers and see about it. An examination of his papers showed that he did own such a parcel of land, the original cost of which to him was \$500. The real estate operator at the next interview intimated that he couldn't afford to pay over \$50,000 for the land. "Isn't that rather low?" asked the owner. "All I can pay," said the operator, "You can have it" said the capitalist, and the land was transferred at a price one hundred times as much as its originally cost.

THE GIFT OF TACT.

What a wonderful oil upon machinery of human affairs tact is. To know what to say and when to say it, and to whom to say it; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves nor speaks without unintentionally offending or wounding somebody. Contiguity with such an one is fearful to the nerves, and temper too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some, and is as natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who were perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enacting.

A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query: "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

THE SOLDIER AND THE FORTRESS.

Often the trembling fugitive mistakes the fortress for a prison, and refuses to enter in. A single soldier in an enemy's country is crossing a plain in haste, and making towards a castle whose battlements appear in relief on the distant sky. A man, who appears a native of the place, joins him from a by-path, and asks with apparent kindness whether he is going: "To yonder fortress," says the soldier, "where my sovereign's army lies in strength." The stranger under pretence of friendship, endeavors to persuade him that it is a prison. He is an emissary of the enemy, sent to detain the fugitive until it be too late, and then cut him off. In this way, many are turned back from the place of refuge; the agents of the enemy under various disguises join themselves to them, and insinuate that to be seriously religious is to throw their liberty away.—*Rev. Wm. Arnold.*

EDUCATED MEN.

—There is a great deal of cheap talk about educated men, the prevailing opinion being that none are educated unless they have been through college, or at least through some minor collegiate institution. The men who construct railroads, canals, docks, bridges, breakwaters; who erect works of architecture, dredge rivers, protect harbors, improve the soil, drain swamps, and prepare the earth for the service of man; who survey the coasts, mountains and plains, determine the laws of climate, the effects of latitude, longitude, and altitude; the inventors, the artists, the chemists and masters of physical and mechanical philosophy—these are all educated men, and it is their education which moves the world. Some may not be educated in the arts and sciences, but they are in the practical, and it is all phases of education that we want.

A SLY HAND.

—When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Matkinck, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup;" from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its fatal effects on the head, heart, and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies, with whom he was well acquainted, who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friend met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear you, Johnnie?" quoth the one. "Did I hear? Wha didna hear? I ne'er winked an e'e the hail sermon." "Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?" "Adeed, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day, or he couldn't ken'd aae weel about it! Ac, he's been a sly hand, the meenister!"

INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, full and feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind, and rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

THE HONEST IRISH BOY.

—There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wont to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold one end of it himself and the boy at the other. He then said "Pull, Adam, pull." "I can't, sir." "Why?" "Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this, the master told him he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; but that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

He who carries a false heart, bears within himself a heavy burden. He is an enemy to others; but he is a worse enemy to himself. He betrays others, but he betrays himself still more deeply. He may injure himself permanently, and with all who know him. People presently see that he is the natural enemy of all mankind; and all mankind instinctively become enemies to him.

Mrs. Brown's pretty Irish waitress got married the other day.

"And I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Katie," said her mistress. "Are you not afraid of such a long, dangerous voyage?"

"Well, ma'am, that's his lookout. I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me sure it'll be his loss not mine."

ARE SISTERS SAL AND NANCE RESOURCES, PA?

"No, my son, why do you ask that question?" "Because I heard uncle Josh say if you would only husband your resources, you would get along a great deal better than you do, that's all pa." Pa plunges into a state of intense reflection.